

maybe we were somethin' uncool. by uncaringerinn

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Summary:

It's only noon; Billy knows neither of them have work that evening, and their shitty gen-ed biology lab was cancelled. They've only been hanging out for an hour, and maybe Billy isn't quite done fucking around with Harrington yet. Maybe he'll indulge him. "And what do I get out of it?"

There's a moment of stretching silence, Steve's music playing low and wailing in the background, as they stare each other down. "I'll blow you," Steve promises, running a famished tongue over too-dry lips.

Billy laughs, sharp-edged and mean. "C'mon, sweetheart. Like you weren't gonna blow me anyway."

Steve huffs, hand grasping for the door handle. "You know what? Just forget it."

When he goes to open the door, Billy hits the locks, shoves the sucker back into his mouth to bulge obscenely beneath the fleshy part of his cheek. "Alright, princess. I'll take you to get your fucking smoothie. Christ."

Steve settles back into the passenger seat, runs long fingers through

the sweaty hair at his nape as Billy starts the Camaro. He flicks his sunglasses down over the sleek bridge of his nose, mutters, "How outstandingly generous of you."

"Buckle your goddamn seatbelt."

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Author's Note:

- For [thecopperkid](#).

Billy watches Steve as he shifts in the passenger seat, tugs at the crotch of his preppy khakis like his thighs are too hot, dick sweating and sticking to the inside of his leg. The heat is thick and swampy, enough to make Billy tie his hair up off his neck, enough that the hair around Steve's temples is damp and dark. And honestly, he could roll up the windows, run the AC, but he's not going to waste anymore gas just to make Harrington comfortable. Likes it too much, watching him squirm. Steve sighs, drawn-out and dramatic.

"What the fuck do you want?"

Steve's brows pinch together. "Why would I want something?"

"You're an unsubtle moron, Harrington. What the fuck do you want?" Billy repeats, reaching into the center console where his suckers are stashed, picks a raspberry one. It's a little melted, sugar syrupy and clinging like cobwebs when he pulls off the wrapper.

"I'm thirsty," he admits. "My mouth is fucking dry."

The sucker clacks obnoxiously against Billy's teeth, tastes like summer, smug when he sees Steve's gaze dip low to watch Billy's mouth. "Okay, *and*?"

Steve rolls his eyes. "So like, can we go get something to drink?"

"There's a bottle of water in the backseat."

"That's been in here since the beginning of summer semester!"

Billy fucking *knows* that. He vaguely remembers Max throwing it back there after he picked her up from softball practice back in April. He reaches back, fishes around the floorboards until his hand hits plastic, holds the bottle out to Harrington. It's half-empty, condensation steaming heavy on the inside. "Beggars can't be

choosers.”

“Dude, c’mon. I’m not drinking that.”

Billy shrugs and tosses the bottle to the backseat. “I don’t know what you want me to do then, Harrington.”

“There’s a smoothie shop like, right down the road-”

“So, let me get this straight,” Billy interrupts, pulling the sucker from his mouth and waving it in Steve’s face. “After everything I’ve done for you already-”

“Oh my *God*-”

“After I’ve driven you here, smoked you out, let you play your shit fucking music-”

“The Killers are not *shit*, Billy, what the *fuck*-”

“Now you have the *audacity* to ask me to waste more of my time and drive you somewhere fucking *else*-”

“I’m fucking *thirsty*, asshole. I could *die*-”

“Even after I’ve already offered you perfectly good drinking water-”

Steve’s pinkened face screws up in disgust. “You’re such a dickhead. *You* wouldn’t even drink that shit, Billy, *c’mon*.”

It’s only noon; Billy knows neither of them have work that evening, and their shitty gen-ed biology lab was cancelled. They’ve only been hanging out for an hour, and maybe Billy isn’t quite done fucking around with Harrington yet. Maybe he’ll indulge him. “And what do I get out of it?”

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“Buckle your goddamn seatbelt.”

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The smoothie shop is almost too cold; an over compensation for the heatwave surging on the other side of the glass door. It’s kitschy; too many watery-pastel colors clamoring for attention with gibberish, thrift store art hanging on the walls. Folksy-cheerful music leaks out of the speakers, something about, *if love is not enough to put my enemies to sleep-*

“Do you want one?” Steve asks, pushing his sunglasses into his hairline. It’s the first thing Steve’s said to him since they left their spot at the park.

“Why would I want one? I drove us here for *you*, pretty boy.”

Steve raises an eyebrow, posture defiant, gives a quick swipe of his lower lip before nodding curtly, shuffling off to the front counter.

Billy pulls out his phone. Scrolls through Instagram in a haze, bored and unimpressed by a slew of chicks in bikinis, taking cliché beach shots like people fucking *care*, like no one has ever been to the beach on summer vacation before. More scrolling shows Carol at the Grand Canyon; Tommy taking pictures of them standing at the ledge. The post after that is a gnarly image of Max’s knees, scraped and bloody,

skateboard in the background with the hashtag #battlescars. His thumb double-taps the screen out of reflex before moving on.

He glances up to see Steve leaning against the counter, ass out and looking perfect in those stupid fucking khakis of his. It's a goddamn sin, makes Billy half-hard as he watches Steve charm the girl making his smoothie. Irritation crawls thick and insistent underneath Billy's skin as he watches Steve reach out to touch at the girl's name-tag, says something that makes her laugh, bell-chime high and flirtatious.

Billy pulls out a stool, lets it scrape loudly against the laminate flooring. Steve doesn't flinch, but the girl's eyes flicker up; her smile falters. "Sorry for the noise," Billy drawls, insincere. "Just got so tired of standing."

She finally turns around; the overhead music is temporarily smothered by the sound of a blender. Steve looks slyly over his shoulder, winks. Such a fucking brat. It's obvious, like a sore-thumb, what Steve's doing; egging Billy on, deliberately trying to make him angry.

Billy smiles back, white teeth flashing, an open invitation: *c'mon, baby, you can do better than that.*

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He doesn't drive them back to the park. Goes out past the suburbs, to a spot that's more secluded.

It's off the main road; a gravel lot set as the entrance to some neglected woodsy adventure. The worn, wooden sign reads: *Sunny Forest Hiking Trail* carved in sprawling letters. There's never anyone else out here and sure enough, there aren't any other cars in the space when he pulls in.

Billy rolls the windows down, cuts the engine. It's quiet and peaceful, only to be ruined by loud, wet slurps coming from the passenger seat. His irritation spikes again when he turns to see Steve scrolling through his phone, frowning around the straw. "There's no service out here."

“Do you ever stop complaining?”

“Tryna snap Dustin,” Steve mumbles, more to himself than to Billy, starts slurping again as he shoves his phone into his pocket.

Billy tries to swat the cup away from Steve’s noisy mouth. “Knock it off, shithead. You’re ruining the vibe.”

Steve clutches his smoothie, moving it out of Billy’s reach, lips sticky with mashed fruit and ice-cream. It’s a sweet scene and Billy has the sudden urge to lick every drop out of Steve’s mouth.

“C’mere,” he says, honied and soft, drags the tips of his fingers under Steve’s chin to urge him close. The brown of Steve’s eyes looks melted and warm; a summer dream, painted perfect in the sunlight, all for Billy.

Billy presses their lips together, likes the way Steve’s mouth is chilled from the smoothie, likes the way it opens for the wet slide of Billy’s tongue. Everything is fine, everything is *perfect*, until that first burst of flavor blooms overripe and messy across the inside of Billy’s mouth.

Disgust curdles Billy’s face as he pulls back. No longer pliant and hazy, Steve grins at him, pleased as shit, laughter bubbling up from a delighted throat. It’s a joke, and Billy’s not in on it.

Billy frowns, grabs the drink from Steve’s hand, and sucks up a good mouthful. The strawberry flavor is just a suggestion, too overwhelmed by banana, thick and heavy. Billy swallows, gag reflex tugging hard. He shoves at Steve’s shoulder, violent and pissed off. “*Fuck*,” Billy sputters, throat working as Steve laughs.

The cup is a little less than half empty, but Billy tosses it out of the Camaro’s window regardless, watches the lid pop off and smoothie guts ooze out onto overheated gravel when it hits the ground.

“Dude,” Steve snaps, indignant, mirth temporarily evaporating. “You can’t *do* that; that’s littering. It’s *illegal*.”

“You devious fucking *bitch*,” Billy snarls, banana flavor lingering, strong and nasty, clinging to his taste buds; he swears to Christ he’s

going to choke.

Steve offers him another smirk. "I had her put in extra banana, know how much you *hate* it."

Of course. Of course he would, because Steve's pretty like a girl and sweeter than honey, but he's also vindictive, petty as hell, and Billy's always tried to bring out the worst in him.

The taste needs to be washed out. His eyes cast over to Steve, drop down to the soft swell in the crotch of his shorts. It's a shit idea, but he's out of the car in an instant, pulling open the passenger door to yank Steve out by his wrists. Steve hisses as Billy shoves him into the side of the car; it's the sound of skin being bruised, bones being bumped. It's an instant high, gets Billy hard. He twists a fist in Harrington's t-shirt, soft fabric wrinkling beneath his fingers.

"What the fuck are you doing, Hargrove?" Steve asks, incredulous and annoyed, the whiny brat Billy's been dealing with all day suddenly disappears. He presses his palms to Billy's shoulders like he's going to push him away. "You gonna hit me? Like high school?"

They're both worked into a lather now; the heat beading moisture into the crooks of elbows, the small of their backs. Billy knocks Steve's legs apart with a sharp jab of his knee, says through gritted teeth, "You don't deserve this."

Confusion plays over Steve's features before being swiftly replaced with shock as Billy drops to the ground, knees balanced on gravel.

"Are you crazy?" Steve hisses, hands hovering, nervous, at his sides. "People could see us! We'll get *arrested*."

"Then tell me to stop," Billy says, nonchalant as he thumbs open the button of Steve's shorts, drags down the warm, metal zipper. When Steve fails to say anything, Billy looks up, sees him open-mouthed and panting, hand tangled in his own hair. His sunglasses have been knocked to the dirt, forgotten.

"Need to get this fucking taste outta my mouth, Harrington." He pulls Steve's cock out, half-hard, shoves the elastic further down, out of the

way. “This is *your fault*,” Billy murmurs against the shaft, smiles when he sees Steve’s eyes clenched shut, teeth digging hard into his lower lip. “Remember that.”

It’s musky, sweat-tinged with the hint of spice; the scent leftover from whatever soap Steve uses. The banana flavor weakens in comparison, overshadowed by the heady taste of Steve himself.

Teasing, Billy pulls the tip into his mouth, licks wetly over the slit, underneath the head; pre-cum smears salty-harsh in the dip of Billy’s tongue. But Steve’s impatient, whining low and dirty in his throat, hips kicking, shoving another inch past Billy’s lips. Billy lets it happen, loosens the hinge of his jaw to take Steve just a little deeper, stopping when he gets a proper mouthful, enough to wash out the remainder of the smoothie.

Steve’s fingers root themselves in Billy’s hair, nails dragging against his scalp, dislodging his bun. It’s disheveled; they’re making a mess. Billy’s mouth is dripping as he sucks at the head, presses it against soft palate, and Steve just—loses it.

It’s utter filth, the groan that slides up from the pit of Steve’s chest to ricochet off Billy’s eardrums, makes Billy’s cock leak in his jeans. The hand in Billy’s hair tightens, knuckles rocking against his skull as Steve drags him back down the shaft. All the way, ungentle. Too fast, the cockhead nudges the back of Billy’s throat. He chokes around a gag as his eyes water.

“Shit,” Steve gasps, rough. “*Shit*, Billy.”

Steve holds him there, lips stretched around the base and leaking spit, nose buried in chestnut curls.

“This enough to get that taste outta your mouth, baby?” Steve breathes, airy. His pelvis pushes forward, but the movement’s aborted with nothing left to swallow.

Billy hums, lashes wet. Pulls back as he traces fingertips up Steve’s calves, rubs his thumbs in the sweaty hollows behind Steve’s knees. Voice raspy, Billy says, “Dunno, might need a little more.”

A groan tears past Steve's lips, head giving a muted *thunk* against the Camaro as Billy sinks back down. His hands slide further up perfectly pressed khakis, coarse hair rough against Billy's palms.

Taking Steve apart is easy; call him pretty, rough him up. It takes *nothing*. The boy's a praise slut; just tell him how *good* he is, how well he takes it, and Billy has *King Steve* begging for mercy. But Billy's usually the one getting blown, mouth free to spew filth into Steve's eager ears. Judging by the way Steve's legs are starting shake, the way he grunts softly with every bob of Billy's head, it's not going to take much to get Steve to buckle.

Freeing a hand, Billy wraps it around the base of Steve's cock, squeezes as he pulls off. His other hand rakes blunt nails down the tender skin of Steve's thigh.

"Goddammit," Steve croaks, barely audible. He's breathless, mouth hanging open. "Just let me finish, Billy. 'M so close."

"Yeah?" Billy chides, throat fucked. "You being sweet to me now? Begging?" He pumps once, twice, presses the pad of his thumb to the weep-sticky slit.

Steve huffs out a laugh, hips jerking into Billy's fist. "You're a dick. I'll—*shit*—I'll beg, you know I will. But I'm not saying sorry. Fuck you."

The dismissal earns Steve a fresh score of scratches, coaxes another cursed shout from his lips, eyes wet, and Billy knows he broke skin. He presses his palm flat against the stinging flesh, lets the salt-sweat soak in.

"*Fuck*." Steve's chest is heaving, every inch of him glistens. "Put your mouth back on me." The hand twisted in Billy's hair tries to force him closer, scalp prickling under the strain.

"Nah, sweetheart." Billy barely mouths at the ruddy head of Steve's dick, manipulative and mean. It's not enough and he knows it. "That doesn't sound like begging to me."

"Please, Billy." Steve starts, swallowing hard, whines pitiful. "Please,

baby. Want my dick down your throat when I come, *please*.”

They don't have all day, but Billy would spend an eternity on his knees, ruining his best pair of jeans if it meant hearing Steve Harrington call him *baby* with tears in his eyes. So Billy gives in, licks his lips and swallows Steve down, sloppy and rude.

Fingers untangle from Billy's curls; Steve's hand cups the back of Billy's neck, thumb sweeping over the tight line of his jaw before tapping gently against his cheek, urging Billy to look up, watch as Steve unravels.

“It's good,” Steve babbles, loose and desperate. “So good. Jesus. Gonna come.” His thrusts are erratic, losing rhythm. “*Jesus*. Billy—*Billy*.”

Billy groans, rough and low. Bitter tang spurts against his tongue, works his throat to get as much of it as he can, keeps sucking even after Steve's spent and oversensitive.

He pushes Billy back, unhurried. “Too much,” he rasps, sagging heavily against the Camaro.

Kneeling on the gravel for so long has numbed Billy's legs; he feels foalish as he stands, wiping his mouth with the side of his wrist. “You taste like shit, Harrington.”

Steve laughs, exhausted. “Still better than banana?”

“Thought you were cute with that shit trick, didn't you?” Billy says as he leans forward, full weight against Steve's torso, mouths wetly at the hollow behind Steve's ear. “Do it again and I'll beat the shit outta you.” Tugs at the lobe with sharp teeth.

“Get off of me. Too hot,” Steve complains, smiles as he pushes Billy away. “You know, if you hated the taste so much, you could've just had one of those suckers.”

The smirk Billy gives him is coy. “You're the biggest sucker of them all, baby. 'Course I went for you first.” He flicks the tip of Steve's nose. “Now put your fucking dick away before we get booked for indecent exposure.”

“Hate you,” Steve calls as Billy walks to the driver’s side, climbs in to start the car.

“Liar, liar.”

Author's Note:

like, i wasn't gonna specifically mention the killers and then not name the fic after one of their songs. title's from 'show you how'.

i don't wanna point fingers but, this is thecopperkid's fault? okay, so that's an oversimplification. but. we had a Very Good conversation about steve being a brat with a smoothie and, you know, Here We Are. anyway, this is lowkey for her. so, cheers, bro.

special thanks, as always, to eternalgoldfish for listening to me whine, helping me edit, and just being a holy-grail of a person.

also, the song playing in the smoothie shop is 'folkin' around' by panic! at the disco.

you can find me on [tumblr](#). it's just pictures of the desert and my sad obsession with the killers, but if you're into that, hit me up. ;/